Bad Habits

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will takes up smoking, Hannibal is into it.

Notes

First of my 1000 followers prompt giveaways.

Though I kinda like to think of this as a companion piece to In His Hands

“Will, have you been smoking?” Hannibal asked, no judgement, as they relaxed back into their seats opposite each other.

Will looked nervous and defiant in the same moment, and began tapping his fingers on the arm of the chair.

That little habit was the first thing that had clued Hannibal in to Will’s new habit. Will was a tactile person, so his hand roaming all over the chair arms, and various other surfaces in Hannibal’s office, was quite usual. Hannibal had quickly discovered about himself that, whilst this was something he would rarely, if ever, tolerate from anyone else, he would tolerate from Will Graham.

But the tapping had been new. It wasn’t altogether irritating, and Hannibal wasn’t sure Will realised he was doing it. It wasn’t a nervous habit, but a habit nonetheless. A habit of someone who had become accustomed to having something in their hand when thinking about potential stressors. It had been happening increasingly during their sessions and now, despite his best efforts Hannibal was sure, there was an undeniable scent of tobacco and lingering smoke. He must have been smoking just before coming in.

Will's jaw clenched and he hesitated before finally replying curtly, "Are you going to scald me, Doctor Lecter? I am an adult, able to indulge in any vice I wish." Will's words ended in a half smirk, "As long as it's legal of course."

"Of course," Hannibal acknowledged with a slight smile of his own. "I'm not judging you, Will. Merely curious as to the suddenly developed habit."

"Not so sudden." Will corrected, looking down at his hand and, apparently for the first time, realising the habitual movement and ceasing it. "I used to smoke when I was younger. Not when I was a kid, my dad would have beat my hide. But when I first became a cop. I'd have one before bed, maybe a few during the day if I could." Will gave a self deprecating grin as he continued, "Graduated to hard liquor before bed when I made Detective."

Hannibal huffed a low chuckle before denying Will's deflection, "Is there a reason you have renewed the habit?"

Will's expression darkened and Hannibal wondered how many crime scenes flashed through his mind at that moment.

"No," Will finally answered.

Hannibal raised a challenging brow and received only a petulant look in return. Clearly this wasn't something Will wished to discuss.

Hannibal cleared his throat, "Well, in that case, all I can do is remind you that I am here, if you do find that a reason presents itself and you'd wish to discuss it."

"In our *conversations*." Will's tone was somewhere between a tease and a taunt. The same attitude that reared now and then, when Will pushed back at even the suggestion that this might be perceived as therapy. Despite the fact that it was.

He was a wild thing to handle sometimes, and Hannibal had no intention of scaring off the wonderfully interesting man. So he merely hummed and changed the subject.

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The scent of cigarettes lingering around Will Graham became omnipresent.

So much so that eventually Hannibal automatically began to associate the scent with Will. Very specifically the brand Will smoked, mixed with the woodsy outdoors scent that it overlaid, and that ever lingering scent of whiskey.

It was rich and, despite the health concerns smoking presented, Hannibal couldn't deny that it was pleasing.

As the weeks went on, he found himself more than once standing at his window looking out for Will's arrival. All for the chance to catch the occasional glimpse of the bad habit in action.

His breath still caught in his throat every time he looked out and saw Will placing the cigarette to his lips and drawing on it. There was something so unintentionally attractive about the way he held it in his fingers, to his lips.

Hannibal couldn't help but touch his fingers to his own lips in a mirror of the action.

Every time he caught this sight, it took longer and longer to compose himself before Will then reached his office. In the end, it seemed the wiser option to stop watching for him.

Not that this helped in the long run.

Several mornings, Hannibal woke up having a strong sense of having dreamt of Will smoking. Or at least, that was the image in his mind as he adjusted his nocturnal erection.

Usually he let it abate, feeling no need to resolve this simple and natural reaction of his body, in a sexual manner. But as his mind palace began to house a whole roomful of instances of Will smoking, Hannibal began to indulge.

Soon, that wasn't enough. Not on the days where Will and he had their conversations, or worse, if Will came over for dinner.

Those nights he was hard before he even climbed into bed, just at the thought of pleasuring himself to thoughts of Will smoking. What had started as habitual, had become a compulsion.

He forwent pyjamas, instead slipping into bed naked and taking himself in hand. Slowly stroking up and down, squeezing the tip inside his foreskin, before easing it down.

Some nights it was rushed and furious. Those were the nights when Will came over for dinner and excused himself afterwards to have a cigarette in the back garden. He always came back in smelling delectable, the night air clinging to the rest of the scents. It was all Hannibal could do not to allow himself to become hard in Will's presence.

Some nights it was slow and delicate, thinking about Will's lips.

Some nights it was teasing, holding himself on the brink of orgasm, edging himself as he thought about the way Will paused between drags of his cigarette.

In a few short weeks, the scent imprinted on his brain, Hannibal had gone from a man quite in control of his physical reactions, to someone incapable of going a day without masturbating. It had come to the point where, despite moving his focus from stroking his penis to inserting toys, he was raw and sore.

He had stopped looking out the window, but still that scent every time he saw Will, was becoming something of a Pavlov's Bell. And he was spending much of their sessions together with his hands folded in his lap.

It had become completely untenable.

Will strolled into his office, it was a calm day, not much wind. And so the scent lingered on him all the more. It was warm, and so he had no jacket to remove and leave aside, taking the

scent with it.

Instead Will took his seat in front of Hannibal with the scent filling the room like plumes arising from him. Hannibal's mind was filled with images of Will smoking, his tongue running out to wet his lips before placing the cigarette against it.

Hannibal took a deep breath, cleared his throat, settled his hands into his lap and said, "Will, I think it's time we address bad habits."

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